H 3279

THE

HUE and CRY

AFTER

J— Duke of M—,

Lord G—y, and Sir Tho. A———g.

O Yes! Five hundred Pounds for a *Whig Knight*, and no more for a *Proteſtant Prince*, the Head of the Rabble, the Defender of the Factions, Aſſertor of our Liberties, and Supporter of our *True-Blue-Proteſtant-Intereſt*: 'Tis but a ſmall ſum for ſo Wiſe a Head-piece, but a great deal more then ſome of their Heads are worth. Five hundred Pounds, Hy! *Fowler*, there *Rockwood*, let looſe the *Monkey* with his Chain of *Packets*, and the *Elephant* with his Caſtle of *Pamphlets*. There my Dog *Bowman*, with all the Kennel of Roaring *Toryes*, or thou wilt not have a *Whig* left to Burn in *Shaftsbury*'s room. Flee *Towzer*, and bring him back, or thou wilt not have a *Trimmer* left behind to vent thy Spleen upon; nay, in this Conſpiracy, thou art in danger of looſing the *Popiſh-Plot*; and what wilt thou have then to ſay?

Roar out *Bull*, Bellow *Baxter*; lift up thy Voice like Trumpet: The *Patriots* and *Horſemen* of *Iſrael*, the men mighty in Battle are fallen, and who have we left behind to Fight the Battle of the Lord. The Heads of the Factions, the Heads of thy People are dropping off, and I fear for all their deep Projects and Myſterious Caballs, they will prove themſelves but *Block-heads* at laſt.

Is *M——h* fled; and with him all the Proteſtant Hope and Intereſt? Is the *Popiſh Plot* turn'd to a *Presbyterian Conſpiracy*? Is our

running

running for the Plate come to *running for our Lives?* and instead of hunting for *Rebellion*, are we hunted for *Rebels?* What will become of our *Lives* and *Liberties*; our *Routs* and *Ryots*; our *Clubs* and *Cabals*; nay, what will become of our *Wives* and *Daughters?* Our Wives may mourn, and our Daughters may pine, but who will comfort them in the day of their longing?

Is this the effects of all our holy Races, and Religious Horse-Matches, our beating the Countrey round for a Pack of old *Beagles* to purſue the old Game? Where are *Weſt's* Fire-Locks, *Wildman's* Cannons, *Rumſey's* Blunderbuſſes, that out-did *Pickering* and all his *Popiſh Plot*, and was to have blown the *King* and *Kingdom* up at a blaſt?

Where is your *True-Blue-Proteſtant-Cauſe?* And where are the *Proteſtant Arms?* the *Proteſtant-Flayls*, and *Proteſtant-Daggers?* Are there no more *Proteſtant-Flayls* but what the Rank *Tory Richard* prophan'd in the Play, or are there no more *Daggers* than what Sir *Robert C——n* carries in his Pocket? Where are your *City-Ryots*, and your *Countrey-Routs*, that laid ſo fair for a Reformation? Where are *A——s* Hundreds and Legions? Where are *G——ys* Thouſands, and *M——thy* Ten Thouſands? Or where is that Loyal Duke, or where may we find him.

If you wou'd find Him, ſearch not for him in the *Cock-pit*, nor in the *Counſil*, (for he hath deſpiſed the counſel of the ungodly) but make diligent enquiry for him at Sir *W. P——y's*, and at the Counteſs of *S——ds*; and if you miſs of him there, be ſure to ſearch in the Lady *G——ys* Placket, and 'tis Ten thouſand pound to a Nut-ſhell but you'll take him napping.

For the Lord *G——y*, tho' there's no great hopes of finding Him with his Lady, yet (if his *Plotting* has not ſpoil'd his *Billing*) you may catch him (and thereby, perhaps, two Rewards together) with a near Relation of her Ladyſhips.

A——ng is not to be found either in *Church* or *Conventicle*; but (if you look cloſe) you may find him with a common Whore at *Stratfords*, or a holy Siſter at *Wapping*, preaching *Liberty of conſcience* to the *Saints*, if his *Politicks* has not ſpoil'd his *Letchery*.

For *Ferguſon*, you may find him in ſome *Conventicle*, holding forth to the *Saints in Tribulation*, That it wou'd pleaſe the Laird to proſper their *King-killing Treaſons*, and *Soul-ſaving Conſpiracies*; or if they be found out in their Devices, that they may not fall into the hands of the Wicked; that in the day of their *Tryal* he may preſerve their Throats from the Ax, and their Necks from the Halter.

Printed for *B. A. Anno Domini*, 1683.

277135